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MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1912.

WHAT DATE FOR INAUGURATION?

News comes from Bermuda that President-elect Wilson favors April 24 for the ceremonial of his inauguration other than the actual taking of the oath of office, which must occur on March 4. The reason for the proposed postponement is that Washington weather cannot be trusted to furnish a decent day for the March event. In 1909 there was a raging blizzard, and a goodly percentage of inauguration days since the very first have been cold, snowy and disagreeable, spoiling the out-door pageants and resulting in much actual illness. April 24, the date suggested by Mr. Wilson, has, according to the weather department, been uniformly fair since 1881.

Undoubtedly, it would be a good thing if the inauguration were held at a time more likely to be pleasant than early March in the Washington latitude, and it would be interesting to have each President choose his own time, but as the real gist of the ceremony—the oath—is set by law for March 4, and presumably the inauguration address will be delivered at the same time, the question arises, what would happen on April 24? There would be a big parade, with some speechmaking and a reception or ball, but the whole thing would be rather a display for visitors than an impressive and vital function of national life. It seems probable that the early date would have all the dignity and meaning, while the later one would be a carnival. It might be a good thing to have such a celebration in the spring to draw people to the seat of the national government, to arouse in them patriotism and to give them a sense of personal touch with their public men, but would this event have any real connection with the President, who had been going about his duties for some six weeks? At first glance, the idea seems artificial.

A further anti-climax would be furnished by the ex-President, now a private citizen and without official standing, riding in a parade. Or if he took his part in the first ceremony, would not the second lack one of the elements of impressiveness now presented in the traditional handing down from one man to another of great public office? Lastly, it is not out of place to ask who will guarantee a good day on April 24. It has been fair long enough now to make the chances strong for a spell of wet, cold twenty-fourths the next several years.

Of course, it is possible to enact an amendment to the Constitution, rearranging the program, but does this seem necessary? Perhaps, the proposition to limit the President to one six-year term might incorporate the new date in its clauses—when they are drawn. If so, it would be a good plan to consider moving the event along to September, when nearly every day is beautiful, and the farmers have finished their harvesting and can spare more time than during spring plowing.

At bottom, we think the ideal of simplicity, dignity and seriousness should be held to. It is a far cry from the Democratic ride of Jefferson to take the oath down to our present splendid displays that smack of coronations. It is the spirit, not the trappings, that counts. The new idea is interesting. It may be possible to adjust the date to better advantage. But let us, at all events, keep the ceremony sincere.

A MASTER BUILDER.

"He was a builder—essentially a master builder of his time. And he builded well. He builded, too, not only for his time, but for the time that should come after him. And thus his works do live." These words of the Lynchburg News constitute a true estimate of the late Dr. W. W. Smith, chancellor of the Randolph-Macon educational system, whose death last week the whole State mourns. The system of schools and colleges which he constructed is but the lengthened shadow of his genius. He was no dreamer, but one who wrought concrete realization of his vision; he had the "heart to conceive, the understanding to direct and the hand to execute." He was one of the very greatest educational executives of his time.

He wrote a chapter in the history of educational progress in the South. He gave forty years to education, more than twenty-five of which he spent in the cause of higher education. When he took up his work at Randolph-Macon there was an enrollment of less than 125, and the assets of the small college were less than $150,000. When he laid down his labors, there were more than 1,200 students in the Randolph-Macon system, and its assets amounted to almost $1,500,000. He revivified the Randolph-Macon College for men. He founded the Randolph-Macon Academies at Bedford and Front Royal. His supreme service was in founding and developing the Randolph-Macon College for Women, the most highly graded institution for the education of women in the South, and one of the foremost colleges of its type in the nation. To these institutions he successively devoted himself, undertaking seemingly impossible tasks with abundant faith and unceasing zeal. He forgot himself in his passion for constructive achievement. He sold his home that the woman's college might be; he lived not for himself, but for others.

This good and great man has passed, but his handiwork endures from generation unto generation. His memory is a bright light for them that follow him in the paths that he trod. The places that he made to blossom as the rose know him no more, for "they that wonder shall reign, and they that reign shall rest."

THE DUTY OF STATE NEIGHBORHOOD.

The interrelation of the States of the Union imposes upon each an obligation of reciprocity to all the others. States, like individuals, are under duties of good neighborhood—social and moral duties of mutual helpfulness. As Elihu Root has put it, "The States, in the exercise of their sovereignty, in the exercise of the powers reserved to them, rest under . . . a duty that forbids any State to live unto itself alone. . . . It is high time that the sovereign States of the Union should begin to perform their duties with reference not only to their own local individual interests, but with reference to the common good."

It was the realization of the imperative necessity for discharging this duty that brought into being the Governors' Conference, which begins its sixth annual session here to-morrow. The State chief executives do not underestimate the importance of maintaining each and every one of the sovereignties of the States, nor the importance of maintaining the sovereignty of the nation. The nation cannot and ought not to perform the functions of the States. If it had the authority to do so, it could not. The machinery of the national government would not be able to perform the duty. It already has more work than it can do.

The States, in the performance of their duties of government, have not developed as rapidly as they should have. They have not undertaken the discharge of their interstate obligations. The States have not, until lately, considered the necessity for intercommunication and understanding concerning the things that they should do in concert for the benefit of all their people. They are prohibited by the Federal Constitution from making any agreement with each other without the consent of Congress, but, with that approval, they can make any number of agreements. There is no reason why the powers that are reserved to the State sovereignties, and withheld from the national sovereignty, should not be exercised by the States with a regard for the common interest. By conferring and completely understanding the duties of good neighborhood, the States can, in the words of Mr. Root, "make it wholly unnecessary that this continual pressure to force the national government into the performance of duties that the States ought to perform should continue."

What are the duties that State good neighborhood impose upon the several States? To cause such uniformity in their respective laws relating to the common interest that when all are considered together, they will be practically identical; to enact new laws or amend existing ones so that the evildoer in one State cannot evade his responsibility in that State through the laws of another; to legislate for the advancement of the welfare of a common people. It ought not to be easier to marry or secure a divorce in one State than in another, for the State with lax laws violates its neighborly obligation to the State with the strict but just law. If each State is to be sovereign in ordering the social and moral life of its people, it must be protected from the evasion of its laws because of the imperfect laws of other States. To consummate this end is a controlling purpose of the Governor's Conference, and all who would maintain the independence of the States and the integrity of the nation desire that the House of Governors shall become an efficient and effective advisory voice in the nation.

PUTTING FEET IN FOOTBALL.

College football has at last earned its name. This year it really depended upon the pedal skill of the players as well as upon beef, brawn, and deetness. The oft-changed rules have at last succeeded in opening up the game, off-setting the advantage of pure weight, and making punting and drop-kicking the most important factors in settling these amiable gridiron battles. The original conception of football was that the ball went through the air for long distances, so that the spectators had a chance to follow it and enjoy the game. For some years, however, the contests degenerated into a huddled mass of inextricably complicated youths slowly plowing this way or that, like a many-legged behemoth or other fabulous creature. Kicking with the feet was a rare feature, unless the kick might be surreptitiously administered in the ribs of a handy opponent during a scrimmage. This year most of the big games have been decided by the kicking artistry of some individual.

The heroes of 1912 are not the giants who battered their way to fame, but the alert, lithe, sensitive youths that in the fraction of a second could catch a long pass, deftly adjust the oval, drop it at precisely the right angle, and hit it at precisely the right moment of its rebound to send it in a long parabola for thirty or forty yards between the goal posts. It was Brickley, of Harvard, Brown, of the Navy, Pumpelly, of Yale, or Harry Costello, of Georgetown, who, in the parlance of the sporting page, "won laurels with their twinkling toes."

Being a bit uncertain as to what are twinkling toes, we admit the laurels. It takes nerve and skill to drop or place-kick with the marvelous speed and accuracy displayed this year. When half a dozen raging backs come pouring through upon a lone player, he may well be pardoned for wondering where he is going to light rather than upon the destiny of the ball. It is a time admirably calculated to show any tint of yellow in a man's heart. As long as the game brings out this sort of courage and skill, it will rightly hold its present imperial place among college sports.

SAMPLING THE SHORT BALLOT.

The short ballot reform is progressing in California. Los Angeles County will hereafter elect three supervisors, a sheriff, a district attorney and an assessor. All other county officers will be appointed by these. This innovation will cut down the number of offices to be filled by election from thirteen to six. The reform was stopped at six as a concession to those who did not desire all of a good thing at one time.

The sheriff and assesor ought to have been included, and it might have been well to add the district attorney. This will result eventually. The people will come to see that concentration of power is a safe principle of government if they attend to the concentration. Their power must be centralized where it can be watched, instead of scattered and lost.

The Los Angeles experiment ought to prove valuable. If it is successful, it will be widely imitated in county government, for county government, as a rule, is most inefficient.

CLOSE HUNTING SEASON EARLY.

The proposal to protect the game birds of Virginia, and especially the quail, by closing the hunting season this month should be supported both by hunters and farmers. Reports from many counties indicate an unusual scarcity of birds. If the season is permitted to cover the regular period, in some cases until February 1, there is a grave chance that thousands of flocks will be exterminated entirely, and the fields be barren of game for many years. Even if three or four birds be left, the death rate among them during the winter would probably mean that there would be no breeding nucleus for the rearing of a fresh covey next fall. The proper course is to call a halt on all shooting in localities where the game is scant.

Hunters throughout the State bring back stories of empty bags due to the noticeable scarcity of quail. The few flocks that can be found have been driven by the dry weather deep into the thickets and swamps along watercourses. The difficulty of getting at them and the light kills can mean only that the birds have suffered serious losses from the extreme and prolonged cold of last winter. They have been unable to resist the natural hazards of their habitat, and for that reason should be safeguarded against the human gunner. If the already weakened flocks be further destroyed, it may take years to bring the supply back to normal.

The hunter, however, is not the person principally interested. The farmer, who has learned of the valuable service rendered him by insect-eating quail, robins and other birds in protecting his crops from the devastation of pests, will join in demanding that such allies be saved. The economic loss to the State from an extinction of the quail is even more serious than the chance that hunters may for some time be deprived of their sport. For both reasons, the county supervisors and wardens should make haste to pass such restrictions as will limit the season and save the birds.

Now our old friend Protocol will cavort on the front pages for a few weeks, while Turkey and the allies try to fill their hands and bluff.

Congressmen do not risk death from overwork, but from overwords—talking or listening, both may prove fatal.

The stove leagues are winning pennants of pipe-smoke these winter days.

The Nobel Peace Prize ought to go to that astute statesman, Lord Grey. He didn't do much for peace, but he avoided a war.

The real governors of the House of Governors are the house wives.

It's a poor policeman in a big city that cannot explain his failures by saying he thought the crime was being done for the picture shows.

Early Christmas shopping is good for the nerves.

Among the other inventions modern science might give us is an easy way of telling the truth.

Swat the job-seekers!

Why doesn't Mr. Carnegie provide pensions for ex-candidates for President?

"Baldy Jack" Rose, the New York gambler and informer, is going to write a book. If that will keep him off the vaudeville stage, well and good.

President-elect Wilson has a chance to give the Bermuda onion immortal fame by partaking thereof.

At the recent meeting of the Southern Medical Association, the reporters were badly used. When the subject of a New Orleans doctor was announced, "Thrombo-Phlebitis of Orbits by Eczema Bacillus—Death," one of the scribes had to be given restoratives.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Millionaires' Row.

The mansions are built without thought of expense
In Millionaires' Row;
The gardens are fine and the lawns are immense
In Millionaires' Row.
There's silver and gold on the table all right,
The families all eat their dinner at night,
But you don't hear the chirp of the cherubic mite—
In Millionaires' Row.

They all own a dozen or so of machines
In Millionaires Row;
They have their coupes and their fine limousines
In Millionaires' Row.
They have all the gasolene wagons in style,
They smash the speed limit and sport 'round a pile;
But baby cabs? Gosh, there ain't one in a mile—
In Millionaires' Row.

Their liveried servants are always on hand
In Millionaires' Row;
Their talk is correct and their manners are grand
In Millionaires' Row.
The luxury in every home is complete,
The lights are ablaze and the music's a treat;
But you don't hear the patter of baby's feet—
In Millionaires' Row.

Those people are poor who pretend they are rich
In Millionaires' Row;
Without a small voice raised to high concert pitch,
In Millionaires' Row.
There's one joy in living of which they can't tell;
I'd rather hear my kid give one hearty yell
Than to own all the mansions in heaven or—well,
In Millionaires' Row.

According to Uncle Abner.

If you want to know how some people get their automobiles, ask their grocers and butchers.

There is one thing in favor of the fuzzy hat. Nobody will ever steal it or take it "by mistake" after a banquet.

Lem Higgins allows as how he expects to go to work next summer if he kin find something to do that will allow him to spend most of his time out in front of Hilliker's grocery on a soap box.

Abe Hicks says he ain't daffy about havin' prosperity. It makes him work too hard.

Every time his wife's relatives want to take a ride there is suthin' th matter with Anse Frisby's oat mobile.

Luke Tibbitts is stuck on his job. He works in a fly paper factory.

Any man who does business with a shyster lawyer ought to get the worst of it, and he generally does.

If they can't find anything else for the Digger Indians to do, why not set them to work on the Panama Canal?

There have been a great many inventors in this world, but the feller who invented compound interest was not so slow.

Kickin' on the street car service is the oldest form of amusement in this country.

When a man starts to goin' down hill there are plenty of friends to help him along.

A feller who has got the gift of gab gen'ally lands somewhere, even if it is only in jail.

The trouble in this country at the present time seems to be that the dinner palls are too large.

Some of the poetry a young feller writes to his gal certinly sounds fine and dandy when she pulls it on him ten years after they are married.

Like a $7 horse, a pettyfoggin' lawyer is a vain thing for safety.

The man who used to have a barn has put a gasolene can behind it and calls it a garage.

There is one thing that no man ever made a success of, and that is the drink habit.

They tell us that civilization is advancing by leaps and bounds, but we note there are still a good many men who wear red neckties.

Voice of the People

Under a Shadow.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Almost under the very shadow of our State prison in Richmond, where lawbreakers are learning the results of such violation, is a home for those who have broken the sacred law of morality and are learning its special lesson, a very hard one, yet not hopeless. To this home constantly come young dejected girls, either driven out by their own families, or sometimes seeking a hiding place from them.

After establishing intercourse with their parents, where it is not already the case, we must provide for the future as well as the present well-being of our girls, and the unfortunate little ones who also come to us.

Many good women in Richmond are working hard for the moral safety and inspiration of still innocent young girls, and I deeply sympathize with every effort, knowing how greatly it is needed, but I must deplore the fact that comparatively very few Christian women feel called to come in contact with the fallen class, which, of all others, most specially need their protection and influence. While striving to fulfil our duty to these hapless little mothers by gathering them into our safe harbor, shall we send adrift still weaker, frailer little barks, all alone, to almost certain shipwreck in life's rough waves, blighted as they are with a sin not their own, a stain of which they are innocent?

There is infinite appeal in the smiles of our little happy, healthy babes, so peacefully unconscious that but for our sheltering walls they would be lying in a baby farming establishment, or some other convenience for a mother's desertion of her child—helplessly waiting while being advertised for adoption by any who can be induced to carry them off, or, as is the case in some cities, sent to wholesale institutions for little abandoned wights, to be deported by carloads to any point where distribution of deserted waifs is possible.

It is a pitiful, pathetic sight, too, to watch inexperienced, anxious young mothers, generally still in their teens, struggling over the new, hard lesson of motherhood that must be faithfully fulfilled.

Miss Mays, the superintendent, an experienced trained nurse, and the wise, devoted friend of every girl, has no sinecure in training her charges to careful, thorough maternal duties, but she succeeds wonderfully well, and the shawods on these young blighted lives are patiently and kindly lifted. I have seen her pupils in numerous cases develop into far truer and more real womanhood through the sincerity of their reformation and their determination to overlive their past failure. By dint of constant employment in domestic work, sewing, and other industries, they learn to support themselves and their infants, and situations are always waiting for them. Several have accepted these this year, several have returned with their little ones to their reconciled families, and several have been honorably married.

As I write the vision comes of ever enlarging usefulness and influence for good.

Utilizing the ideal advantages of our Spring Street Home, in its retired location, large grounds, perfectly home-like atmosphere, and space for additional building, I see a time when, instead of sheltering less than twenty inmates for want of accommodations, we can prevent many more from joining that great uncounted army of wretched beings who, for want of such a refuge, sink into the worst of lives in the desperation and desertion following their first fall.

This statement has been read and indorsed by Dr. Mastin, of the Board of Charities and Corrections, who, with Dr. Levy, of Richmond; Dr. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, in fact, with all other foremost philanthropists, is in thorough sympathy and accord with our work.

Donations of provisions, funds, furniture, or any household additions, will be gratefully received at the Spring Street Home on Friday, December 6.

MRS. LANDON R. MASON.

"Shall a Mother Slay Her Child?"

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Let me raise my voice against capital punishment. It is horrible, barbarous and outrageous. Cannot the mother State take her erring child in hand, sternly and wisely discipline him, and finally bring him to an understanding of what should be his attitude toward law and order? What is accomplished by slaying him? I shudder when I think of the death chair, and the night which is the prisoner's last on earth I cannot sleep in my comfortable bed, but lie in a cold terror waiting for the dreaded dawn, and when the clock tolls the hour for the doomed man to walk forth to his death my agony is more than I can bear. Mine is not an isolated case, all those who have in their hearts love for their fellowman suffer on days of electrocution even as I, and some more so, and these go to the greatest length in human power to protest against capital punishment by killing themselves, for they feel that they are powerless to aid and the thought is more than they can bear. If a man sins beyond forgiveness and is a menace to society, and is a hopeless criminal, surely our prisons are strong enough to hold him until God, in His own good time, takes from him the breath of life which He gave. Lifetime imprisonment would remove from our midst a dangerous man, and we would feel that the State had acted wisely, but now, when one man is electrocuted, a thousand are crucified. It is wicked to call the State that lusts for the blood of her erring children "Mother State." What mother would slay her child? Rather would she lead the sinner into paths of righteousness and understanding. Lynch law, mob rule, would not necessarily result. It occurs now with our cruel laws existing. As we grow more enlightened people will learn to control their passions, and with the State no longer setting the example of slaying, I believe our people will become saner and more controlled.

A. O. T.

Richmond.

The Southern Cross of Honor.

(Before the Convention.)

'Twas on the Gila River,
Eleven thousand altitude high,
When the wild things sought for kiver,
For a huntsman he was nigh.

I had heard of his arm's prowess,
Of his ghastly wounds had heard;
His death escape, I trow, is
Nearest told in writ or word.

For the grisly "bar" he tore open
His bare breast to his beating heart;
His fierce claw it had "holpen,"
His scalp from his skull to part.

"How kum in this wilderness, stranger?
How did your path hap' to stray so fur?
These wild woods are full of danger;
Here a tenderfoot dar' not stir?"

His eyes strayed to the face before him,
His lips framed the word, "Old Pard";
He's beset with emotions that tore him,
Tears trickled down his features marred.

"Lord, Bill, I no more thought I'd seen you
Since we parted at Bull Run,
And I threw my body between you,
And the Yanks, to spile their fun.'

"What's that cross you've on your lapel?
Cross of Honor; 'Sign of the old Confed!'
Makes a man feel like he's in a chapel,
His old blood course virile and red.

"'Pears to me I'll start out for mine;
I'll hitch up these Shank's mares;
You don't know how for old times I pine,
To know how the old home fares.

"But you say I can't get it now,
That they won't give it any more;
You break break my heart, Bill, and how
Can they make an old soldier so sore?

"Don't they know when the war was ended
Many man sought the wildest haunts,
To hide their hearts so rended,
And flee from the gibes and taunts?

"Of the Cross of Honor I never heard tell,
More than the infant unborn,
Though in my ears rings the Rebel Yell
Of many a battle's fateful morn.

"And my heart is but as a great grave,
For Lee, Jackson—all our brave boys,
I can't tell how that cross I crave,
Sign I shared their sorrows and joys.

"Bill, tell the ladies who give the cross,
As they ride in their satins and laces,
Search out each man who fate did toss
Into most distant and desolate places.

"As long as a veteran's heart beats,
And can answer the roll call,
To the reveille and retreats,
Search them out, one and all.

"On this mundane sphere we'll enroll them,
Heroes of the 'Honor Cross';
Thus 'on the Great Divide' they'll toll them,
While we here bemoan their loss.

"As Constantine in the days of yore,
Saw the Cross supreme in the sky,
So our heroes won the cross they bore,
The crown awaiting them on high."

After the Convention.

"Lord, Bill, have you read in the paper to-day?
Of 'the Cross of Honor extension'?
God bless the dear ladies, I say,
Of the Washington U. D. C. Convention.

"For, Bill, I feel 'twould break my silly old heart,
If I couldn't get that cross to wear,
So my comrades could see I'd done my part,
When I climbed the golden stair.

"The wealth of the world we men would hold as dross;
From it would gladly turn away,
To earn and to wear the Southern Cross
That we won in the battle's fray.

"Our leaders followed Him who bore His cross;
Our peerless Jackson, Davis and Lee,
This faith nerved us to stand in ruin and loss,
Such as the world scarce e'er did see.

"Bill, let us pray when the last trump sounds,
And our final record is given,
That each old veteran with his scars and wounds,
May enter the gate of heaven.

"And the ladies, Bill; God bless each one,
Their sweet hearts, one and all;
From the rising to the setting sun,
His richest blessings on them fall."

(MRS.) A. OWEN.

Washington, D. C.

Abe Martin

Th' Prohibition vote wuzn' so slight, after all, when you consider that very few o' us live t' be ninety-five or a hundred. You never kin tell about a woman. She's jist as liable t' laugh at a funeral as she is t' cry at a weddin'.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED—

By John T. McCutcheon.

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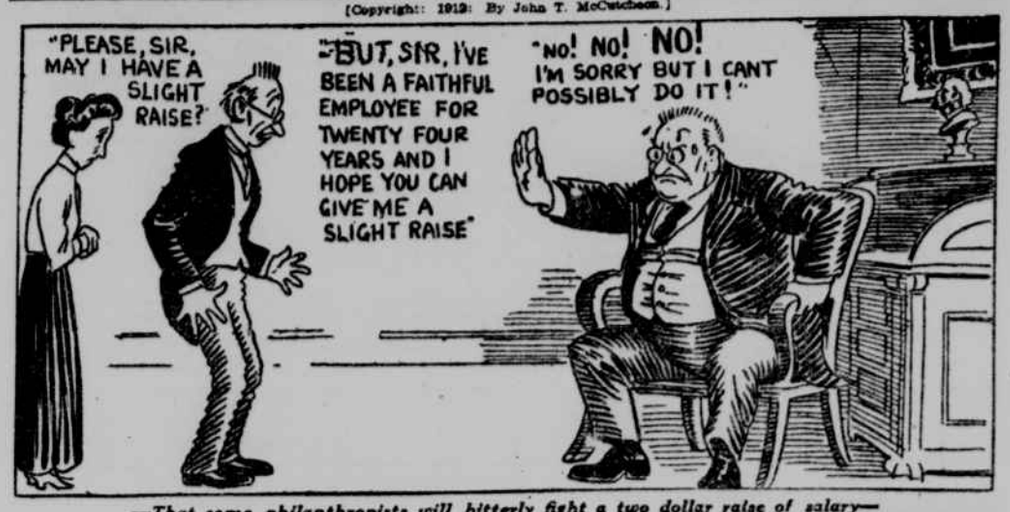

—That some philanthropists will bitterly fight a two dollar raise of salary—

—But will cheerfully give large sums to charity?

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Personal.

Please tell me where Mr. Thomas F. Ryan was born, and when. What is his present home? What is Andrew Carnegie's address? READER.

(1) Nelson County, Va., October 17, 1851. (2) Oak Ridge, Nelson County, Va., and 468 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (3) Mr. Carnegie's home address is 2 East Ninety-first Street, New York City.

Presidential Vote.

Can you state the late vote for Wilson in New York and the last vote for Bryan in New York? G.

650,721, 667,468.

"The Honorable Mrs. Gary."

Will you tell me who wrote "The Honorable Mrs. Gary," and where I may get the book? T. N. C.

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). From any dealer or the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., New York City.

Broad Rock.

Please tell me where the Broad Rock race track was. E. F. E.

Broad Rock and Tree Hill were famous old race tracks, each about two miles from Richmond, Va. The Broad Rock, a mile course, was regarded to be the fastest track in Virginia.

The Odor of Partridges.

Is it possible for partridges to withhold their odor when dogs are trailing them? A. S. E.

There is a very general opinion among well informed sportsmen that it is. The matter has been a good deal debated, and many instances have been given in letters to sporting papers of birds which eluded good dogs in open places, where the only explanation of their escape lay in the supposition that they gave out no odor.

Chartering a Town.

A county votes a bond issue, and later part of the county is incorporated into a town. Is that part liable for its proportion of the bond issue? J. T. B.

It would depend on the form of charter the town received. If the interests of the rest of the county were guarded, the charter might provide for a proportion of the town taxes to go to the payment of interest, etc., on the bonds.

Religion and Politics.

How many churches and church members are there in Virginia? How is the electoral college made up?

W. S. JOHNSON.

There is no reliable information on the subject. The method of selecting electors is left to each State. Commonly they are selected at the general State convention held to select delegates to the national convention which is to nominate the presidential candidates. Each party places on its ballot the name of its electors, equal in number to the State's representation in Congress. If the State "goes" Democratic by a majority of even one vote, the total electoral vote of the State is cast for the Democratic candidate, etc. The electors of each State meet and cast their votes on the second Monday in January following the election, and, having been provided by the Governor with certificates of their right to serve, forward the ballots and the certificates to Washington, where, on the second Wednesday in February, a joint session of Congress must meet in the hall of the House at 1 o'clock, with the president of the Senate in the chair, and cause all electoral votes to be counted and the result announced by the chairman, "which announcement shall be deemed a sufficient declaration of the persons elected President and Vice-President of the United states, and, together with a list of votes, be entered on the journals of the two houses."